

Wiz Khalifa, The Bluff

Hm-mm
I got so much
I got so much
I got so much
I got so much

Uh, still the same nigga
Still walkin' all up on your airplane with all my gang members
Smellin' like money and champagne, part of my campaign
I'm fuckin' rich, my nigga, some things I can't change
Sometimes I swear I be so fly, I mean I can't change
Sometimes I feel I've got a couple people I can't shame
Still rollin' weed in a pair of J's
Gettin' ashes all over my favorite jeans
I ain't mad, my nigga, I'm gettin' paid
Crib with the maid, it's all the same shit, different day
Keep hearing 'bout what these niggas doin'
But them niggas gone and I'm here to stay

I got me a whole one, so I'm 'bout to roll one
As soon as you jump in the ride with me
Now you gettin' lifted, and you feelin' different
As soon as you want, you can try and you'll see
I got so much, yeah
I got so much, yeah
I got so much

Yo, I told her "Leave and die" or she can stay and breathe
She looked and said "Cam, you don't know what to say to me" (Oh really?)
Paparazzi out, baby girl, no playing please
Now point that camera at my pockets cause they saying "Cheese"
Put up your life, we gambling, next time, we out here scrambling
I'm Killa, he Wiz, but all our checks say "Cameron"
Next chapter, next chapter, fa-fa-fatigues and cannons
Fresh rapper, fresh rapper, right here where I'm standin'
You play? We playin', drive-by on the way that wavin'
New five, that's how we playin', we that wave, I'm just sayin'
(What you sayin'?) What I'm sayin'? Money, hoes, clothes and mayhem
Amen! Please have her on her knees and she ain't prayin'

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